

"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne

**You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor**

HOW YOU SHOULD SLEEP.

By Andre Dupont

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THIS going to the country to rest and recuperate is nothing but a fraud," said the Average Girl as she gazed thoughtfully at her own reflection in the mirror. "Here I have spent all August at the seashore, so that I could be prettier than ever next winter, and just look at me! If I had been pushed through a knot-hole could I appear more dragged out!"

"I positively refuse to reply," said the Woman of Thirty. "I prefer to retain your friendship."

"That sort of answer is rude," said the Girl. "You needn't think I do not see what you are driving at. But seriously, I am getting rather discouraged about myself. I used to think I wasn't half bad-looking, but now—" and she sighed deeply.

"You remind me irresistibly of the old story of the Spanish lady, who, in great distress, confessed to the priest that she had that morning been guilty of the sin of vanity. She had looked in the mirror and thought how very pretty she was. The worthy father gave just one glance at her and replied: 'Go in peace, my daughter, a mistake is not a sin.'"



THE WRONG WAY TO SLEEP - CHIN SAGGING.

"That incident, which I am certain never happened," said the Girl, "only adds insult to injury. I come to you for help and you try to be funny."

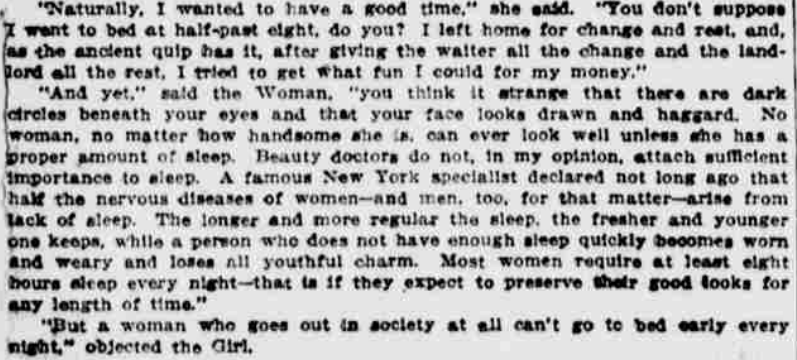
"If you really want my advice, and I thought there was a possibility of your taking it," said her friend, "I will help you to the best of my ability. Was there a night while we were at the beach that you went to bed earlier than 12 o'clock?"

The Girl thought for a moment.

"Naturally, I wanted to have a good time," she said. "You don't suppose I went to bed at half-past eight, do you? I left home for change and rest, and as the ancient quip has it, after giving the waiter all the change and the landlord all the rest, I tried to get what fun I could for my money."

"And yet," said the Woman, "you think it strange that there are dark circles beneath your eyes and that your face looks drawn and haggard. No woman, no matter how handsome she is, can ever look well unless she has a proper amount of sleep. Beauty doctors do not, in my opinion, attach sufficient importance to sleep. A famous New York specialist declared not long ago that half the nervous diseases of women—and men, too, for that matter—arise from lack of sleep. The longer and more regular the sleep, the fresher and younger one keeps, while a person who does not have enough sleep quickly becomes worn and weary and loses all youthful charm. Most women require at least eight hours sleep every night—that is if they expect to preserve their good looks for any length of time."

"But a woman who goes out in society at all can't go to bed early every night," objected the Girl.



THE RIGHT WAY TO SLEEP - HEAD THROWN BACK.

"That is true, of course," replied the Woman. "But she can usually make up for loss of sleep the night before, by taking a nap the next afternoon or by going to bed extra early the next night. There certainly is a good deal of truth in the old belief that beauty sleep is the slumber that takes place before midnight. So, whenever you have an evening free this winter, you should go to bed at 10 o'clock, or even earlier if you can, and you should also take care to sleep in the right position."

"I thought any old position that one could get to sleep in was as good as any other," said the Girl.

"Not at all. Physicians declare that to lie on the right side best promotes digestion, and the position of the head is also important, for by it a double chin can be brought on or cured. If the head is dropped even slightly and the chin allowed to sag, the loose skin of the neck is thrust forward in ugly folds and before one realizes it a double-chin has arrived. On the contrary, if the head is tipped backward, so slightly as to be scarcely felt, all this is obviated and the skin is held in a position that makes it firm night and day."

"Me for the tall sheets," said the Girl. "I will try to get back the bloom of youth just as soon as you are kind enough to say 'good night.'"

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

"T. E." writes: "A young man has paid me many attentions and told me several times that he loves me and never wants any other girl. But he has never spoken of marriage. May I consider myself engaged?"

A girl is not engaged until she has formally promised to marry.

Foolish Criticism.

"K. T." writes: "A young man came to call on me the other evening, but refused to go out walking because he didn't like the color of my necktie. Do you think I ought to yield to such criticism?"

No, I do not. I think the young man was decidedly impertinent.

"A. F." writes: "I have received an invitation to visit one of my friends, but a little while ago I stopped writing to her brother for no particular reason. I feel awkward about making the visit, as I know I shall see him. What shall I do?"

Make your visit and doubtless you will come to a satisfactory explanation with the young man.

"M. A." writes: "What is the proper attire for the bride and bridegroom at a morning church wedding?"

The groom wears a cutaway, the bride either wedding frock or traveling dress, as she chooses.

"J. T." writes: "I have known a young girl for a number of years and paid her a good deal of attention. How shall I know if she cares for me?"

You'd better ask her.

"P. S." writes: "I am sixteen years old and in love with a young man who is not in a position to marry. Another young man who is making good wages has proposed for me. Shall I get married or wait for the one I love?"

You are far too young to marry, and anyway you should not choose a person you do not love.

Oh, You Ophelia!

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By Dwigg

**G-o-o-d N-i-g-h-t!**

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By Ferd G. Long

**Some Good Stories of the Day****The Lovers' Quarrel.**

THOMAS W. LAWSON, who has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate on a "high coat of iron" platform, said the other day to his family:

"We can slatter the truths and combinations that keep food from us if we go about it right. Let's see these organizations are not nearly so united and harmonious among themselves as they pretend."

"Their backs are tickled, as a matter of fact, by internal squabbles; though, like Korter, they put the best face possible on the matter."

"Korter, you know, turned up at the office one morning with a black eye and a missing front tooth."

"Just a lovers' quarrel," he explained, "I was in a brother quarrel—a lovers' quarrel, that's all."

"But Korter," cried the bookkeeper, "you don't mean to tell me that Daisy Marie Langdon did all this to you?"

"No," Korter admitted; "it was his other love."—Washington Star.

His Brother's Boots.

IN the latter part of the civil war Basil Gilder spent lay one day apparently at the point of death, surrounded by several members of his family.

"Brother," he murmured faintly, "I have at last only a few days to live, and when I am laid to rest I want you to have my one pair of boots in the closet under, I paid \$200. Confound them, for them, and you are surely in need of a pair."

Instead of the expected burst of gratitude there was no answer.

"Brother," persisted the future "Immortal" weakly, "you mustn't have any foolish sentiment about those boots."

Said the brother, his face flushed, made no reply.

"Won't you promise me to wear the boots after I am gone?" Gilbert's pleaded.

"I'll consider the matter," promising with confusion. "The girl said so!"—Appalachian.

His Usual "Make-Up."

IN one of his sensational tours Attorney-General Wickham stopped in a small Western city, and, in the course of his stay, was standing on the street corner talking to a lawyer.

There walked past the corner a man who wore the landlubber and bowler which indicate the activity of the human fist.

"You," exclaimed Wickham, "that fellow's been beaten up."

"Yes," said the lawyer, without concern, "he's the editor of a scandalous paper that's ground him. He writes stuff about prominent men and women."

"You beat him up?" asked Wickham, greatly interested.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, "he snags some out every Tuesday evening, and he looks that way every Wednesday morning."—Popular Magazine.

Holding Up the Mirror.

A DEBENT was filling a lady patron's back seat. When he had finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a small mirror that she might see the result of his work. "What do you think of the mirror after each tooth was filled. Finally, when the job was completed and he had handed back the mirror with a flourish, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look to you?"

"How do they look to me?" she returned.

"The teeth I just filled."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed, reaching for the hand glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"My hair,"—Pittsburgh Press.

The Diamonds

By J. S. Fletcher

Romance of a Hoard of Missing Jewels and the Mystery Which Followed Them

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

AYRON JOSEPH, a pawnbroker, is seized in a curious episode about a diamond ring in a stock. John Lindsay, a stamper maker with a few dollars to his name, has tried in vain to claim it during the day, but for a while and then as the pawnbroker, Lindsay does not know that Lindsay has been accused by the Hindu, Lal Dass, who saw them together, and has told Lindsay that Lindsay and Lal Dass have plotted on the shore of the box and are outside his door, waiting for an opportunity to discover whether it has a false bottom, as he suspected it was.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Footsteps on the Threshold.

JOSEPH started from his chair, listening with the sharpness of an animal that senses danger. It seemed to him that he had caught the sound of footstep on the threshold without a light footstep on the threshold of the yard door. He waited in a listening attitude, scarcely drawing his breath. Presently the sound was repeated, and then with a suddenness that made Mr. Joseph start there came a tap at the door, a single quiet tap that was decisive and indicative of a resolution on the part of the person without to be admitted.

The pawnbroker paused, considering matters. Who could it be that claimed admittance at that hour and by that door? That door was rarely used—never, in fact, save by the old woman whose came to tidy up the parlor and make the bed every morning.

Who should come to it now? It seemed strange—not altogether reassuring, in fact—to hear a knock at it. And yet it was easy for any one to open the yard door, much less a lock on the yard door since Mr. Joseph's tenancy. He had not seen the use of spending money on an alarm, seeing that the house door was well closed and locked, and finally went across the room and opened the door.

At first sight he thought this must be the sailor, but the mistake was immediately rectified in his mind by the perception of the fact that the stranger on the threshold was small and slight and clad in light-colored Eastern make and texture. Mr. Joseph's eyes ran from feet to head, and rested on a colored turban, and at sight of that he muttered an angry exclamation.

"What do you want here?" he asked impatiently.

The Hindu answered in placatory tones.

"To sell you something," he said.

"I closed my shop an hour ago," replied the pawnbroker. "I don't do business after business hours; go away and come in the morning."

"But in the morning I shall not be here. I shall be out in the channel, miles away from this country. Besides, we have traded together before; surely you'll not refuse an old customer."

Mr. Joseph drew nearer and peered closer into the man's face. He stepped back into the room, inviting the other to follow.

"Why couldn't you come sooner?" he asked, still ungracious and out of temper. "What you let a man rest himself at the end of his day's labor? What is it?"

"Two or three small stones," answered the Hindu, who had closed the door after him and now advanced to the table. "Something like those you bought from me a little time ago, Mr. Joseph."

"Humph!" said Mr. Joseph. "I did badly with them. I did, indeed. I made little profit on that matter. However, let's see."

The Hindu produced a small canvas bag from some secret recess of his clothing. He untied the string, and, holding it loosely, looked steadily at the while at Joseph. Then he shook out of the loose folds of the bag three small diamonds, which glittered brightly as the rays of the lamp caught them. The dealer bent down to the table to examine the wares at closer quarters.

Lal Dass remained in his secret position, watching him, and when the dealer, actually eyes turned from the brass-bound box to the feet rule, and from the feet rule to the sheet of paper on which Mr. Joseph had jotted down his figures. When the Hindu's eyes rested on the latter, he smiled a

little, but his face was grave and inscrutable as ever when Joseph looked up from the diamonds.

"Well," said Mr. Joseph, "how much this time? It's out of my regular hours and I ought not to do business at all in this way, but as it's you, and you're going away—shall we say the same price as last time?"

"These stones are better than those I brought you last time," said Lal Dass gently. "I must have more."

Mr. Joseph held his hands with an expressive gesture.

"But I do not keep so much money in the house," he exclaimed.

"And besides, the stones are not worth more than those you last offered me. In any case, if you are sailing to-night, I will give you what I gave before, half the amount in cash and half in a promissory note to be redeemed when you next come to my mouth."

"Very well," answered the Hindu. "If it must be so."

"I will fetch the money from my safe," said Mr. Joseph. "The good temper had returned with the delight of the bargaining, and he had got good value for the money he was about to lay out."

"Wait down," he added, gathering up the diamonds. "I shall not be gone five minutes; my safe is in the shop."

Lal Dass sat down and looked about him. His eyes finally rested on the brass-bound box. He was still regarding it when Mr. Joseph re-entered the parlor. The Hindu nodded at the box.

"That is a pretty piece of work which you have there," he said. "It is, I think, the workmanship of some one of my country. If it is for sale, Mr. Joseph, I will buy it from you."

Joseph looked at Lal Dass with something like suspicion.

"You are the second that has wanted to buy that to-day," he said. "No, no; I am not selling that box. It is a magic box; there's something mysterious about it."

"Ah, a secret drawer or receptacle, no doubt," said the Hindu unconcernedly. "They all have."

"Do you think so? But oh, I have been much concerned about that box. It seemed to me that there might be a secret drawer and I tried to find it. But I could find nothing."

"It had been strange if you could have answered Lal Dass's question. 'If the money you hold in your hand, Mr. Joseph?'"

"And the note payable on demand," answered the pawnbroker, handing a roll of notes and a slip of paper to the Hindu. "I will trade with you at all times. I hope you will bring me back something good next trip. But this box. You think it likely that there is a secret receptacle in it?"

"Nothing more probable," said Lal Dass, stowing away the money in his breast pocket. "Oh, nothing more probable."

"But I have measured," said the Jew. "See, here are the figures; you cannot mistake figures. There is the length, breadth, depth; you will perceive that there is no room for any secret place of any kind."

Lal Dass smiled enigmatically.

"That is where the artificer's skill is shown," he said. "Ah, they are very skillful artificers in my country. Here, this is a little toy I picked up in Benares. How small it is; and yet there is a secret receptacle in it wherein you could pack up dozens of stones of considerable size. Try it, Mr. Joseph."

Joseph took the article which Lal Dass offered him. It was to outward appearance a rounded piece of ivory, about two and one-half inches in length and an inch and a quarter in circumference, and not unlike the cases in which ladies carry needles of a large size.

At one end there was the smallest aperture conceivable; so small, indeed, that it seemed impossible for even the finest needle to penetrate its orifice. At the other end the little curiosity was rounded off to a blunt finish. Mr. Joseph turned it over and over in his hands admiringly.

"There is, no doubt, some secret opening in this," he said.

"Just so," said Lal Dass, watching him carefully. "A secret spring, as you say. But where?"

"I used to be good at finding this sort of thing out," said Mr. Joseph. "You usually press the wrong place—and then another wrong place—and then you get to the right place—and—"

"Ah!"

The ivory casket dropped sharply from his hand to the tablecloth. Joseph looked ruefully at the ball of his right thumb and began rubbing it with the fingers of his left hand.

"What is it?" asked Lal Dass.

"Something pricked me, sharply," answered Mr. Joseph. "Something that seemed to shoot out of this ivory hole when I pressed the rounded end. It is a trick, I suppose."

"A little trick," replied the Hindu, "it gives a more pin prick, but, see, this is the secret spring. Look."

He took the casket from the table and gave it an almost imperceptible touch. One end flew open, revealing a hollow cavity.

(To Be Continued.)